

## Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Published Every Other Day,  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY  
MORNINGS, BY  
**CHAS. M. MEACHAM.**

Entered at the Hopkinsville Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
ONE YEAR.....\$2.00  
SIX MONTHS.....1.00  
THREE MONTHS......50  
SINGLE COPIES......10  
Advertising Rates on Application.  
212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

### The Weather.

FOR KENTUCKY—Probably rain or snow Thursday. Colder.

More than 200 warrants have been taken out charging violations of the prohibition laws in Nashville.

Editor J. W. Powling, of the *Carlisle Advocate*, is prostrated with a stroke of paralysis involving his whole right side.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook's Polar data are on their way to Washington to be examined by the National Geographic Society.

Leon De LaGrange, the noted French orator, was killed Tuesday by a fall from his aeroplane while making a fight at Bordeaux.

Emma Goldman, the Joan of Arc of the anarchists, is to lecture in Chicago, but the police will see that she does not overstep the bounds of free speech.

The Republican insurgents and President Taft have come to an open breach and political warfare will be waged relentlessly on both sides. The President, for his part, has determined that the insurgents shall have no voice whatever in the distribution of patronage.

Dr. Cook's friends claim that the explorer has other data in reserve and will make a further effort to prove his case. The Copenhagen scientists have expressed a willingness to let Dr. Cook appear and explain his data. Commander Peary has so far shown no willingness to submit his proofs to the some body of scientists.

Earl Percy, M. P., who was reported to have died of pneumonia, in Paris, it is now said died from a wound received in a duel with another Englishman, both men having gone from London to Paris to settle a grudge over a woman. Earl Percy was heir to the dukedom of Northumberland, and was one of Great Britain's most promising young men.

Judge Jno. C. Voris, a lawyer 32 years old, billed for an after dinner speech at a banquet in Georgetown New Year's night, forgot his speech and going to his law office killed himself with a revolver while smarting under what he considered a disgrace. The Judge ought to have remembered that many a post prandial orator has saved his life under similar circumstances by reading his speech.

John B. Brasher, at one time considered one of the wealthiest men of Hopkins county, is involved in litigation effecting all his visible property. The Carnegie Trust Co., of New York, has filed suit against the Brasher Coal Co., asking that a receiver be appointed to take charge of all its mining property in Hopkins and Christian counties covered by mortgages for debts. Others are made parties to the suit, which involves about \$50,000. Urey Woodson has also sued Mr. Brasher for a note given him for a linotype machine sold to him for his paper, the *Hopkinsville Journal*. Mr. Brasher is prominent as a Democratic politician, a newspaper publisher and a party leader who was at one time county court clerk of Hopkins county.

### \$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CLENEY & CO.,  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for cure.

For the next two years Judge Thos. J. Nunn will be Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals.

A man Bangor, Me., has captured 1000 skunks and sold their hides. Some are still at large.

The Louisville Times issued a big anniversary number, celebrating its 25th birthday that set a new standard for big papers in Kentucky. It contained 108 pages and weighed more than two pounds. The Times is the best and most successful of all Kentucky papers, the *Courier-Journal* not excepted. Bob Brown, the managing editor, has done more than any one man to make it what it is. The financial management has changed but the same editor has developed with the paper for 20 years.

Judge I. H. Thurman, one of the leading local option advocates of Kentucky, delivered a speech in Bardstown on Monday, December 13, in favor of abolishing the saloons in Nelson county. Bardstown is the home of Congressman Ben Johnson, of the Fourth district. Mr. Johnson had been misrepresented in reference to his attitude on the temperance question by a well known state politician. Of this misrepresentation Judge Thurman spoke as follows:

"But why should I bother about misrepresentations? Is that not the way in Kentucky now, especially when a man holds or is a prospective candidate for office? Is not your own most distinguished citizen's position on this very question almost daily misrepresented, and purely for political purposes? Did not one of the Hart county papers, a bit ago, say that Ben Johnson owned and operated one of the largest distillery plants in Nelson county, when I and all of you know that he never, at any time, had any interest, directly or indirectly, in the manufacture or sale of whiskey. You and I know, and every man willing to know the truth knows, that the records of your county clerk's office, kept within a hundred feet of where I now stand, bear mute testimony to the fact that the first vote he ever cast in his life was for local option in Bardstown. He has voted that way for nearly a quarter of a century. At the last election held in this county upon the question, which was three years ago, he then voted for local option; and I know, and everybody knows, that he will again vote for local option next Saturday. He is a plain man of few words, and yet a man who is not afraid to express his convictions. In my recent canvass for re-election as circuit judge of the Eleventh judicial district, when I was being fought by the whiskey interests of that district as, perhaps no man was ever fought before, Ben Johnson was the only man holding public office in Kentucky outside of my district who came to my assistance. In a speech made in the very camp of the enemy, with distilleries standing all about him, he boldly and plainly stated that upon the question of local option he stood exactly where he had always stood; that he had always voted for it and always intended to do so. He has never trimmed; he has never dodged. Though he beats no drum, blows no horn and never marches with a brass band, you need never doubt his position upon any public question. More than that, he is a 'dry' man of the right kind—he practices what he preaches. He is one of the few men of my acquaintance of whom it can be truthfully said that neither spirituous, vinous nor malt liquor ever passed his lips—a glorious example to the youth of this country. But I came to talk to you of other matters. You people of Nelson county know these things better than I do.

Findings that no entreaties could move him, Margaret at last gave way to anger and told him that his eager desire to be thought the bravest man of Selkirk would not supply the child he was bound to work for with a bite of bread. She said even more than this. Her tones grew higher, and one word led to another, as you know it will, until the couple parted in anger, he to the field of battle and she to remain at home.

Alexander had not gone far before it flashed across the mind of his wife that perhaps she might never see him alive again. Unable to control herself, she flung the child into its crib and rushed out of the house. She must see her husband again and get from him one parting glance or word of reconciliation. She hurried through the town, she sought everywhere for him, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had gone off with his comrades. The poor wife wept bitterly. Her grief was deep.

Hume and his fellows were soon engaged in battle. He displayed the greatest bravery. Wherever he went numbers of the enemy fell. In every direction upon the field of battle he was seen. His companions kept well up to him, and in particular one man who had lately joined the party. This man fought with a courage equal to that of Hume himself, keeping continually beside him and defending him in many perils. Once when an Englishman from behind drew very near to the Scot this soldier struck the cowardly fellow to the earth just as he was inserting his spear between the clasps of Hume's armor. Hume called to the brave fellow and demanded his name, even in the midst of the fight, but the stranger said that that was no matter.

This generous soldier wore a leather jacket and an iron helmet, in which there was placed a small white feather. Wherever Hume fought on the battlefield there might be seen beside him the iron helmet and the white feather.

At last the battle ended in defeat for the Scotch, who scattered in all directions. Hume, who, with other soldiers, was obliged to lie concealed in the forest for some time, took the first opportunity of inquiring after his faithful attendant. But all his inquiries were without avail. He could not trace him. Nothing could he learn of him but that he had disappeared when the fight was over.

Alexander Hume hurried to his cottage. He was anxious to see again his beloved wife and bestow upon her the kiss of reconciliation. When he reached it he listened at the door, and his heart beat fast. He had kind words to say to her from whom he had parted in anger, and his deep wounds needed dressing. He lifted the latch and walked in. All was still. No wife came to meet him; no child's cry met his ear. On looking round the room he saw seated in an armchair the knight who had fought so bravely beside him in the battle, wearing the same leather jacket, iron helmet and white feather. That person was Margaret Hume. She was dead and clasped in her dead arms the little child.

Be conciliatory and considerate if you hope to win conciliation and consideration.—Ward.

## A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

The Story of the Knight With the White Feather.

### TWO COURAGEOUS WARRIORS.

Heroic Alexander Hume and His Still More Heroic Fellow Soldier and Protector—The Sad Sequel to the Battle That Was Lost.

The heraldic arms of the Scotch town of Selkirk show a woman seated on a tomb, on which is also placed the Scottish lion. The legend told about the arms is this: King James IV, of Scotland, who was about to invade England, needed recruits for his enterprise. The town clerk of Selkirk, William Brydone, tried his best to aid his king by persuading his fellow countrymen to enlist in the royal cause. So earnest was he that he is said to have moved over a hundred lusty Scots to join his standard. Among these was one of the name of Alexander Hume. This man was a shoemaker of the town of Selkirk. He was strong, stalwart, bold and an excellent workman. Brydone was very glad to welcome him, as he reckoned him quite the best man of the hundred, and his comrades, who were also brave men and true, cheered him as he appeared among them, such confidence had they in his wisdom, prudence, valor and strength.

Hume's wife, Margaret, was a fine young woman and very fond and proud of her brave, strong husband. Now, Margaret did not at all like this proposed invasion of England. She felt that it would mean great trouble to the Scotch people, who would certainly be vanquished by their strong enemy, and the thought came to her that her own brave husband might perhaps lose his life in the struggle. She therefore used all her best efforts to keep him at home. She pleaded in vain. Alexander was firm. At last she held up to his face their little five-months-old daughter and asked who would look after the child if he should die and who would keep her from misery and misfortune.

Hume loved his wife and child, and these appeals brought the tears to his eyes, but they did not break down his resolution, which he had given him as armor. Nothing could move him to become untrue to his king and country.

While waiting for the train the bride and bridegroom walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what this joking and gushing may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced such an ordeal."

"It's perfectly dreadful," she answered. "I should be so glad when we get away from everybody we know."

"They're actually impertinent," he went on. "Why, the very natives!"

At this unpropitious moment the wheezy old station master walked up to them.

"Be you going to take this train?" he asked.

"It's none of your business," retorted the bridegroom indignantly as he guided the bride up the platform, where they consoled with each other over the impertinence of some of the natives.

Onward came the train, its vapor curling from afar. It was, the last to their destination that day—an express. Nearer and nearer it came at full speed; then in a moment it whizzed past and was gone.

"Why in thunder didn't that train stop?" yelled the bridegroom.

"Cos you sed 'twasnt none of my business. I has to signal if that train's to stop."

And as the old station master softly stroked his beard there was a wicked twinkle in his eye.—London Tit-Bits.

### He Was Acting.

Stephen Phillips, the dramatist and poet, began life as a member of F. R. Benson's repertoire company.

An amusing story is told of his debut. Mr. Benson had told him that the great thing for an actor is to act. "It does not matter," he continued, "so much what the words are which the actor speaks as the impression which he conveys to the audience by those words."

Then he gave Mr. Phillips the part of Balthazar in "Romeo and Juliet." On the first night Balthazar managed the first line of his part and then forgot the rest. Romeo, in the person of Mr. Benson, had to go to his assistance and speak the rest of the part for him, while Balthazar exhibited an agony of speechless grief. "What do you mean," Mr. Benson afterward demanded, "by going on the stage without knowing your part?" "I was only doing what you told me. You said the great thing on the stage was not so much the words you speak as to act. Well, I was acting."—London Tit-Bits.

"I am sorry to have to tell you so, boys," said the pleasant looking visitor who was addressing the Sunday school, "but there is not one chance in a thousand that any one of you ever will be president of the United States."

Still he failed to secure their undivided attention.

"But if you live up to your opportunities," he went on, eyeing them keenly, "some bright boy in this audience may become a great baseball pitcher or the world's champion batsman."

Instantly every boy sat up straight and began to listen.—Chicago Tribune.

### Too Full.

A man very much intoxicated was taken to the police station.

"Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend.

"Bail him out!" exclaimed the other. "Why, you couldn't pump him out!"

## WINDOW GAZING.

A Fascinating Occupation For the Tourist in Paris.

Window gazing is one of the recognized vocations of the tourist in Paris. Everybody engages in this fascinating occupation, and, in truth, it would be impossible to resist the temptation, for the most beautiful wares are set forth in the most artistic manner, and the only way you can withstand the desire for possession is to leave the coin of the realm and even your letter of credit at home; otherwise there is no telling into what extravagance, not to say useless purchase, you may be persuaded when probably you have just gone out for a morning stroll.

Of all these windows the jeweler's seem to be the greatest magnets. But the bewildering part of it is that to the man or woman unversed in the knowledge of precious stones the imitations thereof look quite as good as the genuine articles. Pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and so throughout the long list stones are so perfectly imitated that it is small wonder many American women succumb to the temptation of buying them. But there the temptation does not end, for they bring them home with all the intent to dazzle, bewilder and deceive their unsuspecting relatives and friends with the magnificence of their suddenly acquired wealth of jewels. Women whom one would never suspect of wearing imitation gems frequent the shops where they are for sale in Paris in the most open, not to say brazen, manner, while the foreign papers fairly bristle with advertisements of reconstructed and imitation gems, which only goes to show what a lucrative business it must be.—New York Tribune.

### AN OLD BUSYBODY.

What the Bridegroom Thought of the Old Native at the Station.

While waiting for the train the bride and bridegroom walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what this joking and gushing may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced such an ordeal."

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### Allowances.

"Of course I admit your son is extravagant. But you must make allowances; he's young."

"That's all right! But the more allowances I make the quicker he blows 'em."—Judge.

To rob a robber is not robbing.—French Proverb.

## SMITHSON'S BEQUEST

Origin of the Famous Smithsonian Institution.

### THE CONTROL OF ITS FUNDS.

Uncle Sam's Treasury Holds Its Money, Which Can Be Used Only on Appropriation by Congress—Its Peculiar Relation to the Government.

Although the name of the Smithsonian Institution is a common household word in America and millions of persons have visited the great buildings in Washington where are stored the contributions of science which have been gathered under its auspices, few understand the real relation of the institution to the national government. Most persons believe that it is a part of the government.

The Smithsonian Institution, says the *Washington Times*, occupies a peculiar relation to this government. It is a part of it, and yet it is not a part. Its moneys are in the United States treasury and can be used only on appropriation by congress, and yet this money does not belong to the government. It is to the government only as the money of a ward is to a guardian.

James Smithsonian, who contributed the bulk of the fund in the hands of the institution, was an Englishman, the son of a peer of the realm. He was a man who could trace his ancestry back to royal blood. He never visited in America and was never known to have any particular partiality for America until he wrote his will in 1826. He died at Genoa in 1829, and when they opened his will this is what they read:

"I bequeathed the whole of my property to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

This property amounted to about \$500,000, which was in that day a princely fortune. Six years after his death the United States legation at London was informed that there was about \$500,000 in the possession of the adjutant general of the British court of chancery awaiting claimant.

Immediately there arose in America all kinds of opposition to the acceptance of the money. John C. Calhoun and William G. Preston urged with all the fire of their eloquence that it was beneath the dignity of this government to accept such a gift. But John Quincy Adams and others prevailed, and Richard Rush was sent to England to prosecute the claim of this government.

He was successful, and on Sept. 1, 1838, the money was delivered at the mint in Philadelphia in the shape of 104,960 gold sovereigns, which were minted into \$508,318.46 in American money.

This sum by careful management and by additions from other charitably inclined persons has now become about \$1,000,000, which the government keeps and pays interest upon for the maintenance of the institution.

For the first eight years the money lay in the treasury while plans were being formulated for the permanent establishment described by Smithsonian in his will. Thousands of letters were received, and there were schemes enough proposed to bankrupt several governments. Congressmen debated over this fund repeatedly, and hundreds of pages of the Congressional Globe were given up to it.

The institution has been worked out on such broad lines as to be one of the greatest forces in scientific research in the world.

The board of regents is composed of the vice president of the United States, the chief justice of the United States, three United States senators, three representatives and six citizens of the United States at large.

The National museum, the weather bureau, the zoological park at Washington, the fisheries bureau and the astrophysical observatory have been developed by the institution.

The objects of the institution, as described by its first secretary, Joseph Henry, have been adhered to through the years of its existence. They are to increase knowledge by original investigations and study either in science or literature and to diffuse knowledge not only through the United States, but everywhere, especially by promoting an interchange of thought among those prominent in learning in all nations. No restriction is made in favor of any one branch of knowledge.

The leading features of the plan of Professor Henry were, in his own words:

"To assist men of science in making original researches, to publish them in a series of volumes and to give a copy of them to every first class library in the world."

Books, laboratory accommodations and apparatus have been supplied to thousands of investigators throughout the United States.

### Unprincipled Wretch.

"You simply cannot trust anybody!" declared the lady. "My maid, whom I had the utmost confidence in, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That is too bad," sympathizes the friend. "Which one was it?"

"That very pretty one I smuggled through last year."—Life.

Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most propping of all forms of stupidity.—Von Radowitz.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Having purchased the tailoring business of Mr. Jas. K. Hooser, we wish to announce to the people that we shall endeavor to merit their patronage.

Mr. Jack Tobin will have charge of the cutting and making of clothes. We will be glad to send for your clothes to be cleaned, pressed, or repaired, and solicit both men's and ladies' suits.

If you want a pair of pants or suit it will be to your interest to see us during the period Jan. 1 to 15th., as we will sell at reduced prices to keep our tailors busy.

Irving Roseborough Co.,  
Incorporated.

Sarcasm Probably Wasted. One of the wittiest of Parisians, in a friend's box at the opera, was listening to "Thais," or rather trying to do so, for his hostess talked incessantly and deafened the music with her shrill voice. At the end of the opera she invited him to the next subscribers' night. "With pleasure," replied he; "I have never heard you in 'Faust'!"

### Left Over.

Barbara, aged four, had always been allowed to make small cakes out of the scraps of dough left from the morning's baking, so one morning after being sent to gather eggs, she came running in with a very tiny one and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! see this little egg, it must be that's all the dough the hen had left."—Delineator.

### Loss That Might Be Avoided.

According to government report, 2,600,000 cattle die every year in this country from disease, exposure and neglect.

### Light Matter.

People who are inclined to make light of themselves cannot expect others to shine up to them.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## TABERNACLE LYCEUM COURSE

Monday Night, Jan. 24

## ROSS CRANE

The Incomparable  
Cartoonist, Clay  
Modeler and Vocal  
and Piano Burlesque  
Artist

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat said of Mr. Crane: "A master hand with the Crayon, a clever modeler in the clay, and his musical take-offs were original and exceedingly funny."

Single Admission  
50 cents.



## TOOTH HINTS

"When ought we to go to the dentist?"

Many think it unnecessary to devote particular attention to the teeth until the mouth is affected by broken or decayed teeth. Others give their teeth no attention until pain compels them. Every one who thinks a moment on the subject knows that we cannot masticate our food satisfactory. If one of the teeth is tender, inflamed or other wise out of order, and that if that be the case, the mouth requires immediate attention.

**DR. FIERSTEIN'S**  
Louisville Dental Parlors  
BOTH PHONES. HOPKINSVILLE, KY.